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IOLA, - - - - - - - KANSAS

Adventures of Tad;

— OR THE —

SHAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT TO SEA," "PAUL GRAFTON," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"The men pulled four into the boat, then," said Polly, in a hushed awe-struck voice, "a lady—a beautiful lady with a little baby in her arms, was drifting by. Captain Flagg reached out for her, but she said 'my baby first,' and held it right up in both hands, so he couldn't help catching hold of it. Then a great sea swept the lady away. A piece of the wreck broke a hole in the boat's side," continued Polly, steadying her voice with an effort, "and the crew had hard work to get ashore. They managed to somehow, though, and the saved people were sent up to Bixport. Captain Flagg took

"MY BABY FIRST."

the baby—that was me—home to his wife. Ever and ever so many bodies drifted ashore," said Polly, with a little shudder, "and the beautiful lady among them. Some of the passengers had seen her with her husband and baby on board the steamer, bus no one of the saved people knew their names. Lots of folks who had friends and relations on the "Pomerania" came on to Bixport and took the bodies away; but nobody recognized the beautiful lady, so Captain Flagg had her buried here, and this stone put up. There was a ring on her wedding finger, that I always wear on a little chain round my neck,"—and Polly touched the front of her simple linen collar, "with 'Pauline' engraved inside, so Captain Flagg named *me* the same—that's why they call me 'Polly.'"

"Then the beautiful lady was your mother, and you the little baby!" breathlessly cried Tad.

Polly nodded gravely, and again the far-away look came into her eyes, as they rested on the grassy mound at her feet. But soon the practical side of her nature asserted itself.

"Come, Tad," she said, rising to her feet, "it's getting pretty near supper-time, and I must help Mother Flagg—she's got doughnuts to fry." So the two made their way out of the old church-yard, and entered the home gate at the same time as Captain Flagg, who, with a radiant face, was just returning from his interview with Miss Smith.

"You're to go over there in the morning, Tad," said the Captain, after disclosing to him the nature of his own errand to the house of the maiden lady in question, "and if she likes the cut of your jib she'll hire you on trial for a spell, at two dollars a week and board—what do you say to that?"

For a moment or two Tad could say nothing whatever; the prospect of earning such a sum at the very onset, fairly took away his breath. More than a hundred dollars a year, and board beside! Why, it would not be so very long, at that rate, before he should be able to buy himself the little home of his dreams.

"Well, didn't you hear what I said? 'pears to me you're dretful deef!" observed the Captain, a little sharply, thinking perhaps that Tad's silence arose from a disinclination to accept the offer which he, Captain Flagg, knew was a most favorable one.

"Who's that's so dretful deef—Tad?" interposed a familiar voice, before Tad could frame a reply. The speaker was no other than Joe Whitney, who, scenting the odor of frying doughnuts in passing, had come in for a possible share of the spoils, just in time to hear his uncle's remark.

"Deef as a haddock," grumbled the Captain, irritably, "and dumb into the bargain, anybody'd think; for here I've as good as got him a berth to Miss Smith's, and he's to go over there fust thing in the morning for a kind of over-haulin', but when I tell him, he never so much as says whether he's glad or sorry—don't say nothin', in fact." And here, as the Captain paused for breath, astonished Tad had at last a chance to explain himself.

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed the boy, with sparkling eyes and eager speech, "it's only because that I'm so glad and so—so—every thing," said Tad, unable to frame his gratitude, "that I can't say what I want to."

The Captain, who saw his mistake, was instantly appeased. He patted Tad on the shoulder in the most friendly manner imaginable, and after clearing his throat told him in a low tone that Solomon hit the nail square on the head when he said that there's a Providence that shapes our ends, refuse them as much as we've a mind to, and then, remembering that the small sachel was still in Tad's possession, he got together his writing materials, and, with the help of the "Business Man's Assistant" and "Every Man His Own Lawyer," drew up the following notice for publication:

"To All Whom it May Concern:

"Be it known that on the evening of March 20, 187—, a certain party left on a seat in the Broad Street Station, city of Philadelphia, a hand-bag supposed to contain valuables. Now, therefore, if said party shall at the time of reading this notification, or as soon thereafterward as may be possible, communicate by letter with the subscriber, describing said bag, together with such other information as shall satisfy the subscriber aforesaid that said respondent is the true and lawful owner thereof, the hand-bag before mentioned will be duly returned on the payment of the sum of five dollars, to cover expenses of advertising, etc.

(Signed) "CAPTAIN JETHRO FLAGG,

"Residence, Bixport, State of Maine."

Having finished this rather remarkable production, Captain Flagg read it aloud for the edification of Tad and Joe Whitney, who had just returned from the kitchen.

"Tain't the way *I'd* put it, Uncle Jeth," remarked the irrepressible Joe, with his mouth full of doughnut and a suspicious bunchiness about his pockets, as Captain Flagg laid down the paper with a look of conscious pride "I'd just say: 'Found in Broad Street station, Philadelphia, on such-and-such a night a hand-bag. Prove Property and pay charges. Address Captain Jethro Flagg, Bixport, Maine.'"

Captain Flagg regarded his audacious nephew with a look in which mild indignation was blended with pity. "Mebbe you would, Joseph," he said, with some severity, "mebbe you would; but, considerin' that I'm jest a few years older'n you, I've took the liberty of doin' this my own way."

"All right, Uncle Jeth,' returned the unabashed youth, "if you don't mind, *I* don't, I'm sure. Say, Tad," he remarked, briskly, turning to the secretly amused youth, "how'd you like me to go over to Miss Smith's in the morning and speak a good word for you, eh?"

"I'd like you to go with me ever so much," warmly replied Tad. He did not rely much upon Joe's verbal recommendation, but he had a sort of feeling that the moral support of his presence would be a great deal.

"I'll call for you right after breakfast," briefly returned Joe, with a twinkle in the eye, that, had Polly been present, she would have understood at once to mean mischief. But she was helping Mrs. Flagg with supper preparations, and the Captain was busy sending off the copies of his notice to a couple of city papers, so Tad had no warning as to Joe Whitney's love of practical jokes. And all the way home Joe choked down certain little twinges of conscience, by representing to himself that it was "only a little fun, anyway," an excuse which I fancy has been common to mischievous youth from the fabled stoning of the frogs down to the present day.

Miss Smith was "shooing" some hens out of her yard as Joe came by the house, and he at once volunteered his services with marked success. Sending the last hen shrieking across the street with a stick following closely at her tail-feathers, Joe closed the gate carefully.

"Oh, I say, Miss Smith," he remarked, as he was turning away, "I told Tad—the boy that Uncle Jeth brought home this trip—that I'd come over with him in the morning—he's sort of bashful with strangers."

"Nobody'd accuse *you* of any thing on the kind, Joe Whitney," was Miss Smith's uncompromising answer. She was tall, thin, angular and forty, with a good heart, but rather uncertain temper. And Joe was not a prime favorite with Miss Smith, by reason of his rather peculiar tendencies to mischief.

"Tad's a real good boy, I guess," said Joe, ignoring the personality, "but if he's as hard of hearin' as Uncle Jeth says—for I heard him say Tad was deef as a haddock—you'll have to holler like old boots to make him hear." And, without waiting to be questioned farther, Joe scudded homeward.

True to his promise, Joe was on hand bright and early on the following morning. Captain Flagg had gone down to superintend the discharge of the "Mary J.'s" cargo, and Mrs. Flagg was in the kitchen. Only Polly and Bounce followed the two boys to the gate.

"Remember, now! no tricks—Joe," called out Polly, warningly; "good luck to you Tad," and she waved her hand encouragingly, as the latter turned with a very full heart, to look back at the old home whose occupants had given him so friendly a reception.

"Oh, isn't this nice!" said Tad, enthusiastically, as he drew in a great breath of the sweet, pure air, and looked at the quiet beauty of the landscape about him. Behind the village rose a range of spruce and pine covered hills. All round were fertile farms, and, in the eyes of the city-bred boy, Bixport and its surroundings seemed a sort of miniature Paradise.

"Not so bad," patronizingly assented his companion. And as they crossed a small stone bridge which spanned a deep narrow stream, Joe stopped and peeped scrutinizingly over the rail, at the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to try the trout—to-morrow's Saturday, and if Miss Smith'll let you off in the afternoon—if she hires you—what do you say if we go trouting?"

Say! What would any boy say to such a proposition—particularly a boy who had never before been outside city wails? "But may be Miss Smith won't hire me," suggested Tad, a little anxiously, after having expressed a rapturous readiness to accompany his newly-made friend on a trouting tramp, or anywhere else that Joe might suggest.

"No trouble about that!" Joe replied, confidently; "she'd take anybody Uncle Jeth recommended. You know she's hard of hearing?" he added, carelessly.

No, Tad did not know it.

"Fact!" said Joe, with a nod; "and if I was you, I'd speak up good and loud, so's to let her see that you've got a voice of your own. The louder you holler, the better she'll like you," he added, with a slight twinge of his not over-sensitive conscience. For though it was true that Miss Smith was undeniably hard of hearing in her right ear, persons speaking a little above their ordinary tone had no particular difficulty in making themselves heard.

Tad resolved that if this was the case, he would place himself without delay on the topmost round of Miss Smith's affections; and little more was said, as they had now arrived at their new place of destination.

Miss Smith's house was a high, square-roofed building, sadly in need of painting, standing a little back from the road. It had one immense chimney at the very apex of the roof, and a low, old-fashioned piazza on the western front. Two great elm-trees bent protectingly over it, an orchard of gnarled apple-trees was in the rear, the vegetable garden at one side, and a small yard in front, where, as the two boys entered the gate, Miss Smith herself was raking away the dead leaves from a bed of upspringing crocuses.

At their approach Miss Smith threw her sun-bonnet back, and, straightening up the rake-handle, stood stiffly erect, clasping it between her gloved hands—something like the manner of a sentinel with his musket when not on active duty—as she stared very hard at Tad, whose heart was beating furiously.

"So this is the boy," she said, in an uncompromising sort of voice—her remark seemingly addressed to herself—"humph!"

This was by no means encouraging, and Tad's hopes went down below zero with considerable rapidity. Joe stood a little at one side, with a shadowy look of expectancy on his freckled face.

"How old are you, Tad?" suddenly shrieked Miss Smith, with such unexpected energy that mechanically Tad clapped his hands to his ears.

"Fourteen—in my fifteenth year!" shouted Tad, whose face became quite crimson through the exertion. So did Joe's, but from a different cause.

Miss Smith started back involuntarily.

"Mercy on us!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you speak a little louder!" she added, in a sarcastic sort of roar.

"I said fourteen, marm—in my fifteenth year!" Tad yelled, with the full power of his lungs; for, unfortunately, he took her ironical suggestion in perfect good-faith.

Miss Smith dropped the rake-handle, and sat down on the piazza steps. Joe, whoes face was of a lively purple which extended to his ear-tips, began to edge toward the gate.

"You won't do, boy," screamed Miss Smith, so shrilly that John Doty, who was plowing in an adjoining field, stopped his oxen and looked wonderingly across at the "old Smith place," as it was locally called, while Samantha Nason, Miss Smith's "hired help," rushed bare-armed from the kitchen, with a vague impression that Miss Smith was in hysterics.

"I can't hire any one as deaf as you are, and run the risk of breaking a blood-vessel hollering to you," continued Miss Smith in the same high key, as Tad stood confounded and despondent at her abrupt refusal; "besides, *I'm* not so hard of hearing as all that comes to, and your voice goes through my head like a knife—yah-h-h!" with which concluding ejaculation Miss Smith put her hands to the sides of her pasteboard sun-bonnet and shuddered. "Why, I ain't deaf, marm!" wonderingly exclaimed Tad, dropping his voice several octaves, "and I wouldn't have spoke so loud only Joe said *you* was hard of hearing, an' if he was me he'd speak up good and loud."

Joe could stand it no longer. With an explosive yell of laughter he dodged through the gate, and, dropping in the green sward, at a safe distance, doubled himself up in an ecstasy of unseemly mirth.

"Joe Whitney!" gasped Miss Smith, starting to her feet and shaking her finger threatening in the direction of the prostrate practical joker, as the

"FOURTEEN, IN MY FIFTEENTH," SHOUTED TAD.

truth of the matter flashed across her mind, "you see if your father don't hear of this, sir!"

But her indignation was always short lived, and gradually a grim smile softened the hard lines of her face, though the overshadowing head-gear hid it from Tad's anxious gaze.

"And so you want a place, eh?" she said, abruptly, but not unkindly, as she turned her sharp gray eyes full upon Tad, who was looking reproachfully at Joe as, having risen, he cautiously advanced within earshot.

"If you please, marm," was the respectful answer, and Tad looked pleadingly up at the maiden lady as he spoke. Something in his thin, pale face moved Miss Smith's heart curiously.

The boys who had worked for her from time to time had generally been unintelligent, brown-faced boys, with large appetites and a tenency to idle away as much time as they possibly could.

"He's got a look I kind of like, though he *is* a pindling sort of a boy," thought Miss Smith, rubbing her nose reflectively.

"Don't you *dare* enter that gate, Joseph Whitney!" she exclaimed, with sudden energy, as Joe, with traces of his recent mirth on his features, edged himself along the front fence.

"No, marm," responded Joe, in a voice suggestive of the deepest contrition. Affecting to be overcome with remorseful sorrow, he applied a small red-boardered cotton handkerchief to his eyes, and sobbed hysterically, after which, twisting it between his fingers, he feigned to wring tears of bitter grief from its folds.

Turning her back upon the arch dissembler, Miss Smith proceeded to put Tad through a rapid course of questioning. Did he smoke or swear? Had he been vaccinated? Were his father and mother living? Had he been to school? What church did he attend?—and a few other queries, of similar import.

On all points except that of church-going Tad's answers were very satisfactory; and Miss Smith graciously admitted that his lack of clothes was a tolerably reasonable excuse for his deficiency in that one respect.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

TOM AND CONSCIENCE.

Tom Has a Tussle with His Conscience, but, as Usual, the Latter Wins the Argument.

Lots of women know Tom, and the story of his little confab with Conscience will be sufficient introduction to the rest.

He was a man of average intelligence, as also of average stupidity, having often convinced himself that God made woman with nothing in her hand but the dish-cloth and the duster, while under man's arm, at his making, He tucked the ballot-box, the jug and the tobacco-box, as the source of manly government for two sexes.

Well, one day he sat in his tip-back chair reading his favorite daily, when a report of a woman-suffrage convention ran under his eye and set him to making home-made editorials.

"Now, there's wife," quoth Tom to Tom; "she's uncommon smart at all she ever tried (wouldn't I thrash the fellow that said she wasn't); but, pshaw! what's she know 'bout tariff on wool, civil service, bogus butter, an' plooro-newmoney, eh?"

Then he chuckled to himself in the looking-glass opposite, and was about to resume his paper, when Conscience glanced up into his face and whispered, with a smile:

"Tom, dear, all people are dull touching things they never rubbed against. You run your saw-mill well; but you couldn't run a cotton-mill, nor bake a batch of bread like Lucy's; and when she has a hand in the loaf of State Government, she'll study to mould that, too, light and sweet, and 'do it to a turn' in the oven of public service."

"May be so, Conscience; but, bless me! she studies up thing 'nough now I wish she didn't—no need o' missions an' temperance, night-schools and tinkerin' for the poor. I'd jest like to have one field left she didn't take interest 'nough in to watch me."

"Ah, Tom! now you're honest; for the voting women certainly will know more of men's political conduct, and excuse less. So, too, Lucy, you say, now thinks and labors for others, also; but still she's a good housekeeper, isn't she?"

"Yes, ma'am! best in town, 'cause she don't vote. If she votes, the doughnuts'll all turn into books an' thoughts on reforming every body, an' she'll come to respect herself for all she's worth; then other folks will, too. Why, she might get to be head o' the family. I tell you, woman should be kept 'umble like, as in parts o' France she has to get married in mournin'; an' that showed a model wife—that old London sign-board as had painted on it a female figger without a head, an' marked 'The Good Woman.'"

"Yes, Tom," said Conscience, sternly, "in those days men were brutes."

"Say, Conscience, keep still, can't you! Woman was made to fry fish for man; be his sewin'-machine, too; and when she's out o' apple dumplin's, she's outen her sphere. She's good 'nough for me as she be."

"Tom, man, you need her the very best she can be."

"Well, well, well! Somehow I feel it in my bones as suffrage is a-comin' to her. I'm 'fraid, too, Lucy won't vote my way every time, 'cause she pious, like lots on 'em. They'll vote pious, too, I reckon; an' then, oh, dear me! poor Tom'll lose his tansy bitters. No, ma'am, Miss Conscience; I guess I'm for keepin' suffrage in the masculine gender."

Just once more, and thoughtfully in earnest, good Conscience beamed up into his face and said:

"Beloved Tom, I'm your best friend; kindly and carefully hear me. As you say, woman is pious; her nature looks upward as far as nature's God, and the more it lays hand upon all that is true and helpful, the more womanly wife and inspiring mother she'll be. Woman never can become a bad wife and mother through leave to make the State guardian of the treasures dearest to wife and mother. Wouldn't you feel disgraced, Tom, if disfranchised? And don't your bright wife and daughter feel it as keenly? You know you never grew so fast as the morning you awoke twenty-one. 'But Lucy'll vote away your bitters,' you say. So she will; but think how the loss of your bitters will sweeten the life of you both. She'll not, though, vote away your apple dumplings; she'll only vote the peaceful flavor of her home into all the country, and then all the country will respect her home. Indeed, Tom, if you'll vote as I tell you, Lucy'll always vote with you; and if she be half as religious as you say, will not her vote cleanse the 'filthy pool of politics?' Or do you fear Lucy'll be soiled? Men and women mingle safely on the street, in the shop, the cars, the post-office, the public audience; may they not keep harmless while voting. Surely, Tom, if the men who vote be not fit for Lucy to walk near for a moment at the polls, they're not fit to make laws for her; and if your voting-place be too filthy for your wife to step into, perhaps, dear man, it's proof of your unfitness not hers—proof that the place needs her. Do think of these things, Tom, dear."

Well, Tom did go back to his saw-mill thoughtful; the bark slipped from his thoughtless prejudice; and to-day, in his esteem, Lucy stands by his side, not a slab from the log of creation, but a cut straight-grained and clear, through the oaken heart of a righteous purpose, to build unwarped both the home and the State.—*James Clement Ambrose, in Woman's Journal.*

PROTECTION FOR GIRLS.

Some Needed Legislation—The Statutes on "Age of Consent" in Different States.

The effort made by the W. C. T. U.s of New York State, last winter, to have the "Age of consent" raised to eighteen years, has borne excellent fruit. The bill providing for this was drawn up under the supervision and introduced at the request of Mr. Aaron Powell, editor of the *Philanthropist* and secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, of which Mrs. Abby Hopper Gibbons is president.

A bill was introduced and passed in the Senate, fixing the age at fifteen years, but, at the earnest entreaties of the State Department of Social Purity and the Society for the Prevention of Vice, the Assembly, on the 24th of June, passed the bill fixing the age at sixteen years. The Senate concurred in this, and Governor Hill having signed the bill it is now the law, its passage certified to by the Secretary of State. The age of sixteen was fixed upon, as, by an act passed at the last session of the Legislature, sixteen years was made the marriageable age for females and eighteen for males.

We now stand where England does upon the age of consent, viz., sixteen years. The result in that country was brought about by the revelations made in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. During the past winter New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania have each passed laws fixing the age at sixteen years. Illinois and Michigan have fixed it at fourteen; Maine at thirteen, while the Legislature of Delaware adjourned leaving the age at *seven* years. The Department of Social Purity feels under great obligations to Hon. John L. Platt, of Poughkeepsie, who introduced the bill asking for eighteen years, and through whose earnest efforts we believe the result to be largely due.—*Woman's Journal.*

ITEMS ABOUT WOMEN.

MRS. CRAWFORD, Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News* and *Truth*, is said to earn ten thousand dollars a year by her pen.

MME. TRELAT left nearly all her property, about £400,000, to the Paris municipality, to found a school for the training of girls in household duties.

MISS JULIA WARD HOWE has received a set of silver from the Sons of St. George, as a testimonial for her services to the lodge on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee.

MRS. HESTER M. POOLE, for the last nine years editor of a woman's department in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, retires from her post crowned with high encomiums from the editor-in-chief, and with the genuine regret of all who have read her column.

MRS. DR. ELLIS, an American lady, is physician to the Queen of Corea. She has apartments in the royal palace at Seoul, and receives a yearly salary which is equal to eighteen thousand dollars. She is expected to visit the Queen daily, and remains in call when Her Majesty is indisposed.

MRS. JOHN FIELD, of Philadelphia, has given paintings, eighty-three in all, to Williams College, and money to erect a building for Sanderson Academy, at Ashfield. The paintings include works by Rousseau, Troyon, Weld, Kensett and Cropsy. In the building at Ashfield for Sonderson Academy, a memorial room will be fitted up in memory of her husband.

MRS. MARGARET W. CAMPBELL, of East Des Moines, Ia., advises the women of that State to offer their votes at the next election, claiming that women may vote there without violating any law. The constitution of Iowa designates male citizens as voters, but it nowhere in express terms prohibits female citizens from voting.

MISS S. M. HOLLETT, formerly engrossing clerk in the Iowa Senate, now of Denison, Ia., has inaugurated in Crawford County a system which has worked so successfully elsewhere, of reporting each day the sales, mortgages, mechanics' liens, chattel mortgages and judgments filed. She examines daily the official records, prepares and distributes the reports through the mail to her patrons, who find it a valuable assistance in their business. Miss Hollett's enterprise has proved successful beyond her expectations, and is an evidence of the capacity and energy of the Iowa girls.

MARY PEABODY, of Salem, became the wife of the late Horace Mann, who had a head as destitute of imagination as Hawthorne's was full of it. She wrote the novel of slave life in Cuba entitled "Juanita," which was published last spring, a few weeks after her lamented death, and was the constant companion of her sister Elizabeth, who is the original promoter of the kindergartens, which Mrs. Quincy Shaw has taken under her special protection. Sophia Peabody had the fortune to wed the shy but powerful romancer, Nathaniel Hawthorne. She was equal to the situation, and in the "Life of Hawthorne," which has been written by his son, there is nothing more beautiful than the womanly sympathy which she supplied to the man of genius.

MRS. F. A. W. SHIMER, who, thirty-five years ago, co-operated with Miss Gregory in founding the Mount Carroll Seminary, at Mount Carroll, Ill., and who for many years has been its sole proprietor, giving the best energies of her life to its service, to insure, not only the continuation but the growth of the institution, wishes to put it under the control of those having ability and funds, who are warmly interested in the higher education of women. She proposes to donate the seminary property, free of incumbrance, to an association that will raise an endowment of $100,000—be this association composed of former students, an orthodox religious body, or the two united—this endowment to be placed under the control of a board of trustees, and the income used for the benefit of the institution.

Something to Think Over.

The truth of the text, "To him that hath shall be given," is shown by the care taken to restore ex-convicts to their political rights. The fact that they belong to the male sex commends them to favor. In Iowa (and something similar is true in other States) the Governor has adopted a form of certificate under which, if signed by two men testifying to the good conduct of the ex-convict for a certain length of time, he shall be restored to his political rights. But no woman, however wise or good or well endorsed, can find any open door to her political rights. She denied because she is a woman. He is welcomed because he is a man. Is it not time that good women sjould be made the political equals of ex-convicts?—*Woman's Journal.*

SIDDIE'S BLUFF.

How a Prodigious Cliff on the Cumberland River Obtained Its Name.

Just in front of Ashland City, Cheatham County, on the opposite or west bank of the Cumberland river, is a very tall and precipitous bluff almost of solid rock. In some places the summit juts out beyond the base, adding to the grandeur of its appearance. It is covered with small trees and undergrowth, and back of it and on both sides is a woodland country. Altogether it is one of the most romantic looking spots in that picturesque river country, and it would be rather remarkable than otherwise if such a place had no legend associated with it. This majestic cliff, whose unchanging face looked upon the gently flowing river when it bore no larger craft upon its surface than the canoe of the red man, and long before the first log hut was built in Nashville, is known as "Siddie's Bluff." The story goes that many years ago it was the scene of the romantic and tragic death of a young girl called Siddie, who leaped from its brow into the river below.

Siddie, according to the story, was a beautiful young girl, who lived with her parents some distance up the river. Some of the river men some times stopped at the house, and a number of them were among the suitors of the beautiful Siddie. For a long time none of them was particularly favored, but it was finally remarked that a preference was shown one of the number, a handsome young fellow who, though he had not been long on the river, was very popular among his mates. It was soon understood that he had won Siddie's heart and had been promised her hand, and none were surprised when it was learned that the day had been named for the marriage of Siddie and her choice. The time went happily for the lovers until a short time before the day which was to complete their joy, when the young man had to leave on a long trip down the river. He was to return just in time to be married on the day appointed. Siddie bade her stalwart young lover a lingering and reluctant farewell, and he started with a heart full of hope upon his journey. He never returned. One report has it that he was drowned, another that his fate was never known. Siddie refused for months to believe that he would not come back, and long after the day which was to have witnessed their marriage, she could be seen upon the bank of the river looking for the coming of her betrothed. As time went on, and he came not, the look of expectancy faded into one of bewilderment, and soon gave place to one of painful apprehension.

The poor girl lost all interest in her surroundings, and seemed absorbed with the idea of finding her best love. It was soon whispered about that grief had robbed her of her reason. She would leave the house in the morning and not return for hours and it was noticed that her daily walk always took her along the river side. One day she went on one of these walks, but at noon she had not returned. The day wore on and her absence began to excite alarm. When night came and she had not appeared, a search party was organized, and in a drenching wind and rain storm which had come up, began to scour the woods along the west bank of the river. It was learned that the girl had followed the downward course of the Cumberland, several persons having seen her as she passed in the morning. Soon the searchers ceased to hear her at all, and it was not until the next day, when some of them had gone as far down as Ashland and crossed over to the little settlement which then occupied the site of the present town, that any news of the girl was again heard. The searchers then learned that their work was done. The girl had leaped from the bluff into the river below.—*Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.*

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Makes a Few Wonderfully Practical Remarks.

"Dar' am sartin things I should like you to remember," said Brother Gardner as State Rights Smith finally got over his fit of coughing and the hall became quiet. "In de fust place, de man who lies will knock a man down fur callin' him a liar jist as soon as a man who tells de troof. In de nex' place, if a man says you lie, an' you doan' lie, how do you prove you doan' by hittin' him?

"What men lack in argyment dey will try to make up either in ridicule or bulldozin'.

"When you h'ar of a pusson wid a confidenshul friend, you hev found somebody to be sorry fur.

"A man may hev your respect an' admiration fur half a century on general principles, an' yit lose all in half a day by refusin' to indorse your bank note.

"Moas' ebery man has his weak side, an' moas' of us, except de drunkard, ar' hypocrites. We hide our weakness, while he exhibits his.

"I like to believe all men honest, but I nebber take de same patent medicine fur liver complaint an' de toofache, no matter how de label reads.

"If eber I open a bank I shan't hunt fur a cashier widout any small vices. I hev seen de time when a chaw of plug terbacker stopped my hunger fur my neighbor's new pertaters.

"It ar' easy 'nuff to make friends in a new nayburhood. All you hev to do is to be a cheerful lender. Your enemies will appear when you stop lendin' an' begin to borrow. Let us now take de reg'lar purceedin's an' purceed to bizness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Do you not often wonder, George," she said, softly, as they stood at the gate, "at the infinite number of stars, where that vast, silent, eternal procession is going and whence it came?" "Ye-es," replied George, rather hesitatingly, "but don't you find that to look at the sky for any length of time makes the back of your neck ache?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—As long as we are young, suffering and sorrow is a hurricane which robs us of our health. As we grow old, however, it partakes more and more of the nature of a zephyr, which merely adds one more furrow in our wrinkled faces and one more white curl to our hair.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Many piano dealers recommend cotton flannel for dusting pianos as superior to any thing else.

—If a bottle pennyroyal be left uncorked in a room at night, not a mosquito or any other bloodsucker will be found there in the morning.—*Scientific American.*

—To Cook Black-Eyed Peas—Boil one quart of the peas in four quarts of water, with four small onions, a bunch cellery and a bit of bacon or a ham bone. Season to the taste.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—While stock feeding is one of the best methods of improving the soil, it would be folly for a man with no experience in feeding stock to embark hastily in such an enterprise for the sake of the manure.

—To tell cake in the oven, never insert a broom splinter, but draw it gently forward and put the ear close to the loaf; if it is not done there will be a little sputtering sound. When it is thoroughly baked there will be no sound.

—A simple way to decorate a waste basket is to get bright and fanciful Japanese napkins and cover the basket with them. Tie them with ribbons around the top of the basket, and in the center also; then let them hang full and free at the bottom.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Rice Cream.—Wash and parboil one-half pound of rice. Drain and cook in one quart of white stock made from a knuckle of veal, until soft, rub through a sieve, add one pint cream, one teaspoon salt, a little pepper and one cup cooked asparagus tops. Thin with stock if necessary.—*Christian Union.*

—We have heard Hiram Smith say often, remarks *Hoard's Dairyman*, that in undertaking to make a first-class butter-maker he had rather a hundred times over take a young man or woman who never saw a pound of butter than some farmer or his wife who had made butter all their lives in their own way.

—There is just the same difference between feeding for eggs or feeding for market that there is in feeding for lean meat, growth or milk, and feeding for fat. The farmer's wife often complains that her hens will not lay. The reason is they get all the corn they want and are too fat. The egg is composed largely of albumen and to produce it the hens must have albuminoids.

—Cold Deviled Eggs.—Boil a number of eggs very hard; when cold remove the shells and cut each egg in half. Take out the yolks and pound them in a mortar with a few boned anchovies, pepper, salt and a pinch of dry mustard, moistening with a little butter. Fill the empty whites cut in halves with this mixture, and arrange in a dish garnished with parsley.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—To purify a room set a pitcher of water in the apartment, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the respired gases in the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. The colder the water is the greater the capacity to contain these gases. At the ordinary temperature a pail of water will absorb a pint of carbonic acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in a room for a while is unfit for use.

RUST IN WHEAT.

A Destructive Fungus Which Passes Through Three Distinct Ages.

The disease known as rust in wheat and oats is caused by a fungus called *Puccinia graminis*, which has a most interesting history. Just as truly as the codlingmoth live during part of its life as a larva in the apple, a second part as pups under the bark near the base of the tree, and the third adult stage as a mature moth with wings, so does this rust have three distinct stages. The black rust stage is the mature stage in which the black spores are produced that survive the winter in the straw or stubble of wheat, oats or some other grass plants. In the spring these resting spores in some way get upon the leaves of barberry (very probably on some more common plants also) and germinate, producing what is known as the cluster cups on that shrub. The cup-like formations on the surface of the barberry leaf are full of minute spores which are carried by the winds, some reaching the grain. These spores lodge on the rough surfaces of the blades and stems of the wheat or oats and begin growth by sending out a very minute and thread-like mycellum, as it is called, which penetrates the plant and grows through the tissue, multiplying very rapidly. When the grain is nearly ripe the mycellum produces yellowish spores near the surface of the leaves and stems, which break through and stand out over the plant, often making it look a reddish yellow and covering the hands and clothes of those binding it by hand before the dew is off in the morning. These spores fall to other parts of the plant and grow, thus aiding the rapid multiplication of the thread-like mycellum in filling the plant tissues.

The third or adult stage differs mainly in the kind of spores produced over the surface of the plant. They are black, instead of reddish or yellow. They can be seen in rows along the stem or leaves of ripe grain, or stubble in fields that were infested. These black spores are more dense than those produced in the second or "red stage," and are calculated to live through the winter and start a new generation by first living in the cluster-cup stage in the leaves of the barberry. The fact that the field of wheat was infested this year goes to show that there was barberry or other plants upon which the rust can pass its first stage. The present knowledge of this fungus is not clear enough to enable one to determine how certainly it will reappear after having infested a field. Unless wheat is by far the most profitable, corn or some other paying crop should be grown next year. The rust is said to work most rapidly in moist, warm weather, and the amount of damage done will depend greatly on the kind of season.—*Prairie Farmer.*